

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

Morning—Evening—Sunday.

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DECEMBER 11, 1915.

OUR NEUTRALITY IS NOW UP TO OUR CONGRESSMEN.

The matter of preserving neutrality is now largely up to congress. For months, the president has steered the ship alone and well, and Uncle Sam at least stands as well with the foreign nations as he did when the last congress closed. There have been no race riotings in this country and there is no present danger of war. While an American president cannot declare war, he can cause war and Woodrow Wilson has carefully and wisely avoided cause for war.

Undoubtedly, the 64th congress will heatedly discuss war matters, and the warmth thereof will be reflected back upon its constituents. Politics will be played. The dominant majority is small, which always means that politics will often be played at the expense of patriotism. Already several measures are proposed which cannot fail to promote local bitterness. Especially, is there danger in the attempt to mobilize the German-American vote.

It is to be hoped that the congress will recognize as its paramount duty the preservation of neutrality, both in discussing and in acting upon matters presented. Neutrality with honor we've got. Let's hang onto it! This is probably the most momentous session of the national legislature which has ever been held in the United States. External conditions are favorable for the passage of much needed and important legislation. The administration is strong with the people; the nation is solidly behind the president in the essential issues.

The democrats have a safe working majority, at the same time one not so large as to prove top-heavy. By avoiding petty bickering, eliminating personal strife, sticking together for the good of the country, the people's will may be served. On the other hand if a solid front is not presented the small democratic majority may be readily overthrown, meaning sure defeat of the administration measures. Democracy is on trial. It is a crucial test.

MORE THAN PREPAREDNESS FOR CONGRESS TO DEAL WITH.

Congress has more than "preparedness"—or what is commonly considered "preparedness"—to deal with at the coming session. We need to talk "self-preservation"—of the sort that will save us from ourselves.

The United States has been confronted with many "a grave crisis" since this war commenced, because of the loss of life of some of its citizens on ships that sailed the seas in the danger zone.

The voice of Washington has been raised in tones of solemn warning. The belligerents have been told that this country will leave no act undone, or word unsaid, to protect the lives and the property of its peaceable citizens.

Which is as it should be. Thirty persons were killed, nearly all young boys, when the Dupont powder plant at Wilmington was blown up Tuesday. That this, but one of a series of similar happenings, was the work of foreign emissaries is almost certain. Right here, in our own law-abiding, neutral land, the black murder goes on.

The Lusitania case, except in the greater loss of life, is a mild affront compared to these repeated outrages.

When are we going to put it down once and for all? If it isn't a "grave crisis," what is it?

YOUR UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

"What do you know about Coahoma county?" asks the Clarksdale, Miss., Register. "When you take a stranger out in your car, what do you show him, what do you tell him?"

"Did you know; "That the Mississippi river once ran past Clarksdale?"

"That Clarksdale is built inside an ancient fort?"

"That a gang of river pirates once ruled Coahoma county and levied tribute from the settlers, and that you have passed the headquarters of these pirates a hundred times?"

"That General Forrest once owned a plantation in Coahoma county?"

"That a fleet of federal gunboats once went down Yazoo pass?"

"That Desoto was buried somewhere near Star Landing?"

There are several more of these questions, and the conclusion is, "Coahoma county is a very interesting place. Why don't you learn something about it?"

How about your own town, and your own county? What do you know about them? You probably learned as a child the height of the Washington monument, and you doubtless sigh for the experience, if you haven't had it, of counting for yourself the steps in Bunker Hill monument and the stories in the Woolworth building, of gazing spellbound at the fighting elephants in the museum in Chicago. It's all very well to travel into far lands and there learn about them. But most of one's life has to be spent at home. Why not explore one's own town and county a little, and find out what an interesting place home is?

PREPAREDNESS AGAINST IMMIGRANTS.

The Washington Times remarks that while one person out of every six in the state of New York is an alien, one person out of every four in New York's insane asylums is an alien, and one convict out of every three in the state's prisons is an alien.

These facts show that there has been something seriously wrong in the past with our immigration laws and inspection. Both the legislation and its enforcement have been jacked up a little in the last few years, and immigrants are probably being more carefully to-

day than ever before, but there is still room for much improvement.

With aliens throughout the country already imposing on the community a disproportionate share of expense for the support of incompetents, what will be the situation after the war if the exclusion rules are not made stricter?

There will be more sick and crippled aliens than ever, seeking admittance to America when peace comes, maybe. There will be more immigrants mentally unbalanced, perhaps. And because of physical and mental abnormalities caused by war sufferings, there will be more of them liable to become criminals. It will be the unfit and undesirable, rather than the sound and efficient, that will constitute the next immigrant invasion. This is the time to prepare against them.

FOR THE CHILD'S SAKE.

A little child wrote this letter to a Dallas paper:

Mamma is sick and papa's in bad company. If you will print this perhaps he will see it and come home. We have cleaned his room all up for him.

There is hardly a great city in this land of ours which does not number its tots who might well write the same letter.

"Mamma is sick and papa's in bad company." Old, old tale of woe and suffering. Between the lines may be read whole chapters treating of God-sent love, plighted troth and the vows of the altar. Then of the trials, the tribulations, that are but a part of life; of needless quarrels, estrangement, the cup that drowns, broken pledges, a deserted wife and babe. Oh, yes, there's volumes and volumes betwixt these pitiful lines, if one reads aright.

Fault on both sides, maybe. No need to mention that. Possibly sin, as well. But there is one who did not sin; in whom there lies no fault—the babe.

We reproduce the letter hoping that it may meet the eye of some other papa, who is wanted and needed at home.

Go back and try once more—for the kid's sake. Christmas is a fine time to start anew.

IT LOOKS RIGHT QUEER.

Somebody please post us on this crime called "conspiracy."

It appears that when Americans band together to slow up work shops and kill somebody, they get life sentence, or are executed. It doesn't make any difference if the guilty had nothing directly to do with the actual bombing or dynamiting. Indeed, Americans have been convicted of capital offense for merely having made speeches that might be suggestive of dynamite, or killings to others.

On the other hand, when foreigners within our domain raise funds and organize agents for the blowing up of factories and ships, regardless of life, and in furtherance of a foreign war, they get a notice of personae non grata—you're not liked, officially—or, at worst, two years' imprisonment.

We're not questioning this arrangement of justice; we're just saying that we're so thick-headed that it puzzles us.

IT'S RIGHT, WOODROW.

Eight days now and the white house will once more have a mistress; there will again be a "first lady" of this land of ours. And we—meaning all America—will be glad. It is not good for man to be alone, particularly if that man be carrying the burdens of a whole people.

The weightier the cares and the mightier the problems which beset a man, the more he requires the companionship and solace of his mate. President Wilson, the country has agreed, is too well fitted for wedded life to remain alone. And though we revere the memory of the departed, we welcome the new "first lady."

When the Texas legislature passed a bill prohibiting race track gambling thousands of people cried "They have killed the Dallas fair!" Even this year, when the great fair opened, Dallasites sadly shook their heads and said, "Without the bookies the fair can't pay." The fair cleared fifty thousand dollars net in the two weeks it ran, which shows up another "necessary evil." South Bend also had a "bookless" fair.

A Houston woman was struck on the head by a newspaper thrown by a carrier boy four years ago. This week a verdict was rendered in the Houston court, against the Houston Chronicle for \$10,000. And yet if the woman had failed to get the afternoon paper she would have been phoning the circulation department yet.

The savings of the British people are said to have increased in the first year of war from \$1,500,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000, and are expected to reach \$5,000,000,000 in the second year. It's the same old specious "war prosperity" that deceives nations over and over again, in spite of experience. That money will be needed after the war to pay taxes.

Maybe Hawaii can defend us. She has a national guard 3,700 strong, including Americans, Hawaiians, Filipinos, Koreans and Chinese. If continental United States had a national guard of the same strength in proportion to its population, it would number 3,100,000 men.

The king of Serbia, at last accounts, had got away on horseback at a speed that would shame the movie film riders. The king of Spain seems to be the only real comfortable king we've got, nowadays.

That Denver girl who sues a hotel keeper as her "heaven-made" husband is barking up the wrong tree pretty bad. Heaven has always been too busy to turn to making hotel men anything but hotel men.

With great ceremonies at Nish and Belgrade, Franz Josef and Wilhelm are going to partition Serbia. It's an operation that ought to be an interesting spectacle to Greece.

"Never handle chickens roughly," proclaims the U. S. department of agriculture, which shows that the U. S. department of agriculture never tried to catch a pullet.

"Got their walking papers," says a headline of von Papen and Boy-Ed. Not exactly, but if those British cruisers get after them, they'll wish that they had walked.

Suggestions to the budding poet: Ford rhymes with hoard and all aboard, Hague with vague, peace with geese, all with gall, Uncle Sam with—well, there's plenty of material, all right.

Carranza sends word that he is going to close the Juarez and Tia Juana race tracks, my pronto. "Smatter, Carry? Won't they come across?"

They've discovered an Omaha baby who was born with spinabifida, club feet and smallpox, was operated on and is strong and healthy.

New Yorkers are putting up sound-proof flats so that a fellow can whang his piano, wife or baby without disturbing his fellow tenants.

THE MELTING POT

COME! TAKE POTLUCK WITH US.

ON the face of the returns the figures to which it is proposed to increase our standing army do not look imposing when compared with those of European countries, and will possibly raise a laugh over there. Our friends, the possible enemy, however, are not as familiar with the rallying power of the average American citizen and the needlessness of compulsion when it comes to the last resort.

THE psychology of President Wilson's message delivered to the congress and aimed at the well known foreign powers was perfect. The alacrity with which Great Britain and Germany responded established a new record in diplomatic speed.

Answers to our inquiry, "What is a two-course luncheon?" are coming in as rapidly as they can be transmitted by mail or word of mouth. For example:

A. B. H.—It is probably a misspell.

The Night Editor—Crackers and cheese.

The Sport Editor—Beer and pretzels.

AN OPEN LETTER.

(The playwright got notice from his agent that she was returning him 'script because he had stole a march on her and "tried it on the dog.")

Yes, Miss K., I'm glad to say I found a manager; but he blew at Manito. He thought the play was good enough to work it in the sticks, but the rebus out there in Illinois are up to all such tricks; besides the night was stormy and the rain was playing opp, the crowd was small and hostile tho a quarter was the top. Then they moved to Hanna City and Virginia saw the troupe; "We are Seven" was the opener, but it didn't raise a whoop. Next on "The Little School Marm" by a book from Iowa. Oh! how they laft and hollered but they didn't come next day. Then my own, "My Bonnie Kate," came, thought she'd show 'em something fat, but the mouses scarcely nibbled for some boche had belled the cat. Haint it awful, Allie, dearie, how the stage is falling back? When I tried to up-up-lift it, in the mud it went kersmack! Oh! it makes me feel so weary, contemplating my ill-luck, I'm almost going desperate. I'll go and write for my Puck! How much warmer it's getting!

Yours,

Bernard Shawnt.

THERE is a striking contrast between the leisurely manner in which the audience assemblies at the theater and the ludicrous attempt at haste in departure when the curtain falls on the last act. The belated climb over the early arrivals coming in and all try to walk on each other getting out, scrambling into their wraps and elbowing each other in the ribs on the way. We are trying to devise a mechanical contrivance that will slip the people into their seats before the curtain rises and catapult them to the curb when the curtain falls.

"THE traveling man," said the old roadster, "is confronted by two problems when he lands in a two by four."

With Other Editors Than Ours

BEWARE THE GIGGLING GIRL. (Pittsburgh Dispatch.)

At last we have had it doped out right for us. The suspicions that we may have entertained at times, but been afraid to voice because of that queer thing called chivalry inherited from long generations of misguided ancestors, were well founded. Kipling was verily right when he talked about the female of the species. Even Father Adam has another look in. The youth who cries, "The woman tempted me," has a proper alibi. A woman teacher herself has said it. Come suffrage when it may, there is no cause to fear. Man's safety is assured.

Before the American social hygienic conference at Chicago the other day came Dr. Rachelle Yarros of Hull House, that institution of uplift made famous by another woman, and gave new light on the eternal feminine, or at least, she put into words of whole-hearted counsel to men and maids the views of others—mostly men—throughout the ages which custom and convention have made us regard as cynicism. Hearken to her message and then let him who dares say women are not progressive.

"Young men, beware of the giggling girl, for she will lead you astray; but don't be afraid of the real sincere flirt, for she will inspire you with high ideals."

We have been told to beware of the girl with the changeable eyes; we have heard the lament of him who said: "My only books were women's looks, and folly's all they've taught me;" we can even faintly recollect a warning against the demure, sidelong glance, soft, tender, appealing, but carrying with it untold danger. All wrong, all wrong. It was an inspiration to high ideals—and inspiration, like opportunity, doesn't come any too often. Of course, many a hero has felt all the time that it was inspiration and he was sure he could see the high ideal in the young leading him to them to be realized, no matter how much a stern—and experienced (?)—father might rail or the merciless records of countless breach of promise suits make another picture. Now, with Dr.

town, to sell his customer and catch a train for his next stop. And sometimes he misses both."

The Tyranny of Taxes.

(Cor. Burr Oak Acorn.) The Tax Commission appeared at the court house just one day. And we really and truly feared what they were going to say.

And how we all did listen To their final word And how our eyes did glisten When the news we heard

Of these great men from Lansing— And surely it was great— Of these fellows that go prancing All through our noble state.

They surely gave us real dope— Myself and brothers of mine— Hog-wash, rather and soap. Along the Indiana line.

We had no chance for redress Or to ask for an explanation— They sure felt guilty more or less For they hiked right for the station.

We judge they thot it real fun To hold such a great position— And 'twas down at the Arlington They gave out their decision.

They have the reins right in hand And do just as they please, But right here I make this stand: 'I have enough Horton cheese.'

THE peak load of sarcasm is carried by Lord Cecil's remark that "it would be undignified in the highest degree for the British government to send any intimation to a lot of ladies and gentlemen (the Ford excursionists) who, whatever their merits, are not particularly important."

WONDER if the wireless operator on the Oskar II picked that up!

ONE advice emporium warns young men not to marry giggling girls. Another says grouchy and nagging girls are to be avoided. Another warns against the extravagant girl. Another emphasizes the duty of choosing a girl who is open-handed and generous. Still another holds up the peril of mating with a god-less girl. Another warns against the unscrupulous, the overpious. And then, soliloquizes old Dad Deane of the Goshen Democrat, a lot of people are wondering why so many men choose to remain unmarried.

Good Old Methodist Rag. (Cor. Ft. Wayne Journal-Gazette.) The M. E. orchestra was present and played some of its best ragtime tunes.

WHY wouldn't a ragtime religion be popular?

THE business of predicting weather conditions looks complicated and difficult to the casual observer, but once you get the hang of the thing it is easy.

FOR example, we predict an open winter so far.

HOW true! C. N. F.

For Comfort Shop Early

There are two ways of shopping—and, as in other things—one is the right and the other the wrong way.

The wrong way consists of putting off buying Christmas gifts—dilly-dallying until the last moment, and then swooping down on the dealer and contractor a few days before Christmas.

The right way—it is hardly necessary to point out—is the shop-early way. When salespeople can give you their full time and attention—when you can examine the article you are going to buy—and when stocks are complete and fresh.

Remember—these early shopping days are fast slipping by—it will soon be too late to shop early.

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1916

Join our Christmas Cash Club. Save a few pennies weekly (or larger amounts if you like) and reap a harvest of dollars and joy next Xmas. Young and old will benefit by joining C. C. C., no matter how small or how large their income.

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